

Sealion

Jethro Tull

Over the mountains and under the sky
Riding dirty gray horses, go you and I
Mating with chance, copulating with mirth
The sad glad paymasters, for what it's worth?
The ice cream castles are refrigerated
The super-marketeers are on parade
There's a golden handshake hanging 'round your neck
As you light your cigarette on the burning deck
And you balance your world on the tip of your nose
Like a sea lion with a ball at the carnival
You wear a shiny skin and a funny hat
The almighty animal trainer, let's it go at that
You bark ever so slightly at the trainer's gun
With you whiskers melting in the noon-day sun
You flip and you flop under the big white top
Where the long-legged ring mistress starts and stops
But you know, after all, the act is wearing thin
As the crowd grow uneasy and the boos begin
But you balance your world on the tip of your nose
You're a sea lion with a ball at the carnival
Just a trace of pride upon our fixed grins
For there is no business like the show where in
There is no reason, no rhyme, no right
To leave the circus 'til we've said good night
The same performance in the same old way
It's the same old story to this passion play
So well shoot the moon and hope to call the tune
And make no pin cushion of this big balloon
Look how we balance the world on the tips of our noses
Like sea lions with a ball at the carnival

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